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AUGUST, 1909

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL:
A PREACHER-POET

By CHARLES B. MITCHELL



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THE PATHFINDER

GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

Contributions are invited from all lovers of good books and high ideals in literature, art and life. The editor disclaims responsibility for the opinions of contributors.

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LETTERS FROM EGYPT

By LOUIS V. LEDOUX

Memphis and Karnak, Luxor, Thebes, the Nile:
Of these your letters told; and I who read,
Saw loom on dim horizons Egypt's dead
In march across the desert, mile on mile ;—
A ghostly caravan in slow defile
Between the sand and stars; and at their head
From unmapped darkness into darkness fled
The gods that all men feared a little while.

There black against the night I saw them loom,
With captive kings, and armies in array
Remembered only by their sculptured doom;
And thought: What Egypt was are we to-day;
Time's vanguard marched through some obscurer
gloom;
The rearguard gathers; let us watch and pray.

*EDWARD ROWLAND SILL:
A PREACHER-POET*

By CHARLES B. MITCHELL

It is a matter of surprise and regret that no adequate biography of Edward Rowland Sill has been published. Just a brief sketch introducing the volume of his *Poems*; just a few letters prefixed to a volume of prose remains—these are all the materials we have to judge the man by, apart from his writings; but these scanty memorials bring one into contact with a personality so sincere, so aspiring, so vital, that one is hungry to know more about him than just the bare facts that he was born in such a year, knocked about in California during his young manhood, studied law, contemplated entering the ministry, tried his hand at newspaper work, and finally took refuge in teaching and literature, dying after this varied career at only forty-six years of age. This is only the skeleton of his life. Why some biographer has not long since clothed it with the flesh and blood of detail, I cannot imagine. For Sill has long been one of my enthusiasms.

Perhaps that is because Sill was a preacher. A preacher to the core. He carried a portable pulpit with him, and always mounted it when he took his pen in hand to write, even if it were nothing more than a letter to a friend or a humorous bit of prose on the study of human nature in chickens.

There are some critics who deny that such a being as a preacher-poet can exist. They hold that the very phrase is a contradiction in terms, since, according to their idea, a man is only a poet when he is concerned with beauty for beauty's sake. When the homiletic motive comes in at the door, the spirit of poetry flies out at the window. A daring assertion, since *In Memoriam!* And it is based upon theories concerning the nature of the Ultimate Reality which most up-to-date philosophical thinkers have deserted. If truth and beauty both run up into and unite in the Infinite and Eternal Reality, I see no reason why the poet's insight should not discern their unity and exhibit it to us in verse which is at once art and instruction. And I think I should be willing to rest my contention that such a feat is possible on the work of Sill.

It must be confessed that the preacher in Sill

overtops the poet. And yet he thought he could not preach; thought he had no message to the world. The ministry he sought to qualify himself for was that of the Unitarian Church; but he did not believe enough of Christian doctrine to be at home even there. But whatever else Sill did or did not believe, he held fast at all times to the splendid fundamental human creed which sustained Frederick W. Robertson in his darkest hours of doubt and desolation. "In the darkest hour through which a human soul can pass," said the great Brighton preacher, "whatever else is doubtful, this at least is certain. If there be no God and no future state, yet even then it is better to be generous than to be selfish, better to be true than false, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be brave than to be a coward." And with this fundamental conviction, Sill combined a determination to know whatever else of truth it is possible for a human spirit to attain by strenuous and high-hearted search. One of the finest bits of idealism I know is in the letter to a friend in which Sill tells him that he had determined to study law "for the benefit it would be to himself spiritually." The heart of the letter is well worth quoting: "As Kingsley

puts it, we are set down before the greatest world-problem, 'Given Self, to find God.' So, considering that for such tasks the mind needs every preparation, skill and practice in drawing close distinctions, subtileness in detecting sophistry, strength and patience to work at a train of thought continuously long enough to follow its consequences *clear out*, and some systematized memory (if for nothing but holding and duly furnishing your own thoughts when needed)—I say, seeing no better—or rather, no *other*—way to gain these but by entering the law, thitherwards have I set my face."

Though Sill did not stick to the law, he never gave up his quest for God. This ever remained to him the main business of life, whether he was selling stamps in California, or doing newspaper work in New York, or teaching literature and writing poetry. He simply did these to pay expenses. But even his ordinary, everyday work was an expression of the nobility of his soul. In his teaching of literature, he sought to make himself simply a channel of communication between the soul of the author who was being studied and the souls of his students. A great deal of his published work appeared without his name. In one half-hum-

orous, half tremendously-in-earnest letter, preserved in the volume of prose remains, he expresses himself on the subject of fame. "I am not and haven't been trying to make myself favorably known. The devil take any one that is trying for it I am contented to die unknown, if I can arrive at the truth about certain great matters, and put others in the way thereof. If there in anything which utterly disgusts me and makes me howl aloud and swear, it is these infernal fools who are fighting to get their names abroad, and care for no other work Let a man work his work in peace, and the devil take his name—the less likely to get anything more of him than that."

The significance and value of the poetry of Sill rest on the fact that it was simply the by-product of his life. Idealistic, passionately sincere, gifted with an exquisite sense of beauty, with the saving spirit of keen and sometimes rollicking humor which makes it impossible for the man who possesses it to degenerate into the mere fanatic, Sill was all the time studying himself and the world to see what he could discover concerning God; and once in a while he would write a poem to report progress. Perhaps *The Venus of Milo* is the most characteristic and in-

spiring work of this preacher-poet who thought he had no message ; who considered himself merely a disciple of the universe, while he was teaching others to see and realize the distinction, high as heaven, deep as hell, between the heavenly Beauty and Love which rest and satisfy the heart and the earthy, which spoils the tasks of life with longing wild and vain. Because he had not reached the end of his quest, he did not realize the value of the discoveries he had made on the way. His dominant mood was one of ceaseless aspiration, not only after truth, but after life, "more life and fuller;" and it is needless to say that he defined fullness of life primarily in terms of character. There are finer passages in Sill's work, from the poetic point of view, than the following, but nothing more characteristic of his attitude of soul:

Might one be healed from fevering thought,
And only look, each night,
On some plain work, well wrought,
Or if a man as right and true might be
As a flower or tree !
I would give up all the mind
In the prim city's hoard can find —
House with its scrap-art bedight,
Straitened manners of the street,
Smooth-voiced society —

—
If so the sweetness of the wheat
Into my soul might pass,
And the clear courage of the grass;
If the lark carolled in my song;
If one tithe of the faithfulness
Of the mother-bird with her brood
Into my selfish heart might press,
And make me also instinct-good.



*THE VENUS OF MILO**

By EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

There fell a vision to Praxiteles:
Watching thro' drowsy lids the loitering seas
That lay caressing with white arms of foam
The sleeping marge of his Ionian home.
He saw great Aphrodite standing near,
Knew her, at last, the Beautiful he had sought
With lifelong passion, and in love and fear
Into unsullied stone the vision wrought.

Far other was the form that Cnidos gave
To senile Rome, no longer free or brave,—
The Medicean, naked like a slave.
The Cnidians built her shrine
Of creamy ivory fine;
Most costly was the floor
Of scented cedar, and from door
Was looped to carven door
Rich stuff of Tyrian purple, in whose shade
Her glistening shoulders and round limbs outshone,
Milk-white as lilies in a summer moon.
Here honey-hearted Greece to worship came,

And on her alter leaped a turbid flame.
The quickened blood ran dancing to its doom,
And lip sought trembling lip in that rich gloom.

But the island people of Cos, by the salt main
From Persia's touch kept clean,
Chose for their purer shrine amid the seas
That grander vision of Praxiteles.
Long ages after, sunken in the ground
Of sea-girt Melos, wondering shepherds found
The marred and dented copy which men name
Venus of Milo, saved to endless fame.

Before the broken marble, on a day,
There came a worshiper: a slanted ray
Struck in across the dimness of her shrine
And touched her face as to a smile divine;
For it was like the worship of a Greek
At her old altar. Thus I heard him speak:—

Men call thee Love: is there no holier name
Than hers, the foam-born, laughter-loving dame?
Nay, for there is than love no holier name:
All words that pass the lips of mortal men
With inner and with outer meaning shine;
An outer gleam that meets the common ken,
An inner light that but the few divine.
Thou art the love celestial, seeking still
The soul beneath the form; the serene will;
The wisdom, of whose deeps the sages dream;
The unseen beauty that doth faintly gleam
In stars, and flowers, and waters where they roll;
The unheard music whose faint echoes even
Make whosoever hears a homesick soul
Thereafter, till he follow it to heaven.

Larger than mortal woman I see thee stand,
With beautiful head bent forward steadily,
As if those earnest eyes could see
Some glorious thing far off, to which thy hand

Invisibly stretched onward seems to be.
From thy white forehead's breadth of calm, the hair
Sweeps lightly, as a cloud in windless air.
Placid thy brows, as that still line at dawn
Where the dim hills along the sky are drawn,
When the last stars are drowned in deeps afar.
Thy quiet mouth — I know not if it smile,
Or if in some wise pity thou wilt weep,—
Little as one may tell, some summer morn,
Whether the dreamy brightness is most glad,
Or wonderfully sad,—
So bright, so still thy lips serenely sleep;
So fixedly thine earnest eyes the while,
As clear and steady as the morning star,
Their gaze upon that coming glory keep.

Thy garment's fallen folds
Leave beautiful the fair, round breast
In sacred loveliness; the bosom deep
Where happy babe might sleep;
The ample waist no narrowing girdle holds,
Where daughters slim might come to cling and rest,
Like tendriled vines against the plane-tree pressed.
Around thy firm, large limbs and steady feet
The robes slope downward, as the folded hills
Slope round the mountain's knees, when shadow fills
The hollow cañons, and the wind is sweet
From russet oat-fields and the ripening wheat.

From our low world no gods have taken wing;
Even now upon our hills the twain are wandering:
The Medicean's sly and servile grace,
And the immortal beauty of thy face.
One is the spirit of all short-lived love
And outward, earthly loveliness:
The tremulous rosy morn is her mouth's smile,
The sky her laughing azure eyes above;
And, waiting for caress,
Lie bare the soft hill-slopes, the while
Her thrilling voice is heard

In song of wind and wave, and every flitting bird.
Not plainly, never quite herself she shows ;
Just a swift glance of her illumined smile
Along the landscape goes ;
Just a soft hint of singing, to beguile
A man from all his toil ;
Some vanished gleam of beckoning arm, to spoil
A morning's task with longing wild and vain.
Then if across the parching plain
He seek her, she with passion burns
His heart to fever, and he hears
The west wind's mocking laughter when he turns,
Shivering in mist of ocean's sullen tears.
It is the Medicean: well I know
The arts her ancient subtlety will show ;
The stubble-fields she turns to ruddy gold ;
The empty distance she will fold
In purple gauze ; the warm glow she has kissed
Along the chilling mist:
Cheating and cheated love that grows to hate
And ever deeper loathing, soon or late.

Thou, too, O fairer spirit, walkest here
Upon the lifted hills:
Wherever that still thought within the breast
The inner beauty of the world hath moved ;
In starlight that the dome of evening fills ;
On endless waters rounding to the west:
For them who thro' that beauty's veil have loved
The soul of all things beautiful the best.
For lying broad awake, long ere the dawn,
Staring against the dark, the blank of space
Opens immeasurably, and thy face
Wavers and glimmers there and is withdrawn.
And many days, when all one's work is vain,
And life goes stretching on, a waste gray plain,
With even the short mirage of morning gone,
No cool breath anywhere, no shadow nigh
Where a weary man might lay him down and die,
Lo! thou art there before me suddenly,

With shade as if a summer cloud did pass,
And spray of fountains whispering to the grass.
Oh, save me from the haste and noise and heat
That spoil life's music sweet:
And from that lesser Aphrodite there —
Even now she stands
Close as I turn, and, O my soul, how fair!
Nay, I will heed not thy white beckoning hands,
Nor thy soft lips like the curled inner leaf
In a rosebud's breast, kissed languid by the sun,
Nor eyes like liquid gleams where waters run.
Yea, thou art beautiful as morn;
And even as I draw nigh
To scoff, I own the loveliness I scorn.
Farewell, for thou hast lost me: keep thy train
Of worshipers; me thou dost lure in vain:
The inner passion, pure as very fire,
Burns to light ash the earthlier desire.

O greater Aphrodite, unto thee
Let me not say farewell. What would Earth be
Without thy presence? Surely unto me
A lifelong weariness, a dull, bad dream.
Abide with me, and let thy calm brows beam
Fresh hope upon me every amber dawn,
New peace when evening's violet veil is drawn.
Then, tho' I see along the glooming plain
The Medicean's waving hand again,
And white feet glimmering in the harvest-field,
I shall not turn, nor yield;
But as heaven deepens, and the Cross and Lyre
Lift up their stars beneath the Northern Crown,
Unto the yearning of the world's desire
I shall be 'ware of answer coming down;
And something, when my heart the darkness stills,
Shall tell me, without sound or any sight,
That other footsteps are upon the hills;
Till the dim earth is luminous with the light
Of the white dawn, from some far-hidden shore
That shines upon thy forehead evermore.

*THE CENTENARY OF DR. HOLMES**By JULIAN PARK*

That 'annus mirabilis' which witnessed the birth of Lincoln, Poe, Darwin, FitzGerald, Tennyson, and the rest, also saw the origin of a man of medicine, of letters, of philosophy, and of great humanness. A man of surpassing genius, Oliver Wendell Holmes was not; neither is he deserving of a foremost place among the great creative forces of the nineteenth century; but, quiet, happy, and sympathetic, he was always simply one of the people. In his kindly way he was intensely alive and universally interested in all that pertained to the world and its life. More virile than Emerson, more worldly than Longfellow, more vigorous than Whittier, he was more a man of the world than any of the New England group. Starting with a naïve interest in self, which was often ill-concealed, he made that a starting-point for all sorts of delightful excursions of discovery into the selves of others. He was unaffectedly interested in humanity, and therein lay the secret of the appeal of his literary work. Whatever he wrote was vital with his own human nature and fragrant with an atmosphere of friendliness: for the

secret of the man who is universally interesting is that he is universally interested.

This case of the Autocrat seems one of those wherein a man's literary achievements are somewhat overshadowed by his life and his varied interests. Each man, doctor, literateur, or what not, makes his own world. What we bring to it we find in it. To the crabbed, the world is repellent; to the buoyant, life bubbles over with things to live for. Holmes has been not the least of those who have taught us that temperament can be largely controlled by the discipline of our sympathies in the direction of human interest.

On his literary position the critics are uncertain. Thoroughly, rather than brilliantly, was he a man of letters. Literature, science, and humanity, seem to have made up the interests of his life in almost equal degree; letters were not his only care. He was a student of society rather from intellectual curiosity and from the amusement his observation brought him, and not, primarily, for the purpose of writing down carefully the results of his study. Neither by profession nor preference was writing his occupation, but how many did he outshine who made it their life-work! All that he set his hand to do was done creditably.

*THE LEGEND OF ST. HUBERT**By ANNE WARNER*

It was a fair autumn day and Hubert had set him forth to the hunt. In leathern sandals he strode, his stout bow slung from his shoulder. Two dogs were with him,—the pup leaping ahead, full of joy over their errand, but the old dog close at his master's heels, mindful of the possible chase to come, and harboring his strength for its hour of need.

Down the long street came the three; street of wattled hut, and straw-thatched cot; street of narrow filth and undrained puddle; street of day that dawned ere the dawning of the day before our own. Beside its way hung a stone Christ upon a stone cross, a badly carven and mis-shapen thing, an image before which half the town knelt and prayed while the other half scoffed in the name of Woden.

Beyond the Crucifix,—at the end of the other dwellings,—lived Maida. She stood there knitting, her bare white feet pressed upon the flat, round rock that silled her father's door, and her deft fingers twirling her distaff in the surety of long practice. When she saw Hubert

drawing nigh her look became troubled—her fingers unsteady.

Hubert's eyes were upon her, and well worth his eyes she was!—A maid so blue of gaze, so blonde of hair, so red of lip; her kirtle held to one shoulder and fell from the other, and both were alike fair, and white, and round.

“To the hunt, oh Hubert?”—when he paused at her side—“but one needs not ask;—I see the cruel bow.”

“Ohé, to the hunt,”—whistling gayly—“to the green woods, to the swift arrow,—to the blithe home-coming with load upon my back?”

Then Maida sighed, twirled her distaff and spoke no word. The old dog had lain down by her feet,—the pup ran hither and yon as it listed him.

Hubert looked first at her, then at his dogs, and then at her once more :—

“Wherefore not to the hunt?” he queried,—“a skin on the floor is pleasant to one's feet, and meat for his stomach is the need of each man's day.”

“Not so;” spoke Maida, “oaten cake, milk—or well-brewed mead, if you will—such are man's needs. To kill that to which God has given breath—that needs no man. In The

Writing is it so set down. God has forbidden it."

"My god has forbidden it not," said Hubert, snapping the cord of his good bow,— "rather my god upholds it. Hast never seen of a winter's night all Valhalla riding forth to the hunt? —I have —and noted the flashing light from their silver bows."

"Oh, Heathen," said Maida, pausing in her labor and gazing sorrowfully upon the young man,— "know that I pray each day before the Village Cross, beseeching Thy God and Mine — the only true god — to mercifully open thine eyes. — And bitterly run my tears that the prayer remains unanswered!"

Her eyes filled slowly as she spoke and Hubert was moved to kiss her red mouth, but she would not. And so he turned to the wood-land, singing cheerily.

"Ohè, while I talk the shadows dwindle, and so my day creeps by empty-handed."

And he called to his dogs and went on toward the forest beyond.

The maid looked after him, her hands folded in an unvoiced prayer. Fervently she prayed, while he went on and on and was swallowed up at last in the thickness of stem and leaf afar,

It was a day of sun and the sun shone in bright slants into those glades where the hunter and his dogs first crossed. But ere the passing of the hour the deeper darkness of the greater growth had barred the sun-rays and cast a twilight in upon the noon-day. Hubert cared not for his heart was light, his song merry, and his dogs sure. Onward he beat his path, his feet crushing the soft turf,—his fingers ever on his bow,—his eyes in the gloom ahead; out of that gloom must come the quarry which he sought and its coming must be soon. So he ceased his song and trod lightly. There was no breath of sound abroad, the dogs went forward dumb, and the darkness settled ever more and more thickly down. Over the hunter's spirit drew a veil of wonder for so dark he had never seen it on such a day. And then a mist of doubt crept about his brain for the woodland loomed strangely up to right and left, and to such a large and lofty space he had never come before. Trees higher than all previous locked out the light above, and their white trunks were grey in the greyness surrounding them.

The pup returned to the old dog's side, and both stretched themselves down upon the turf and waited. And Hubert knew himself chained

to the spot and forced to wait—motionless—as they.

Then he heard a sound and knew that some creature was approaching. His fingers, which should have tightened to his bow, felt suddenly weak and loosened their grasp so that the bow fell down upon the mould beside him. And his ears heard in the darkness across the space the crackling of branches and the slow tread of feet not human. Then his muscles, trained through long years to tighten into steel for their hunter's work, weakened as his fingers had before,—and he sank down upon his knees—and waited thus.

.
Then, out of the black beyond, came with a stately tread a noble deer. . . and pausing, looked and listened, not in fear but rather in a superb peace that the sight of Hubert and his dogs might not dispel. It was a deer so large as never deer before.

And it was a deer so horned as never deer before!—For its horns spread outward and upward in a mighty curve, and encircled and protected within the branchings of that curve, was reared a Crucifix—a Crucifix of no earthly handiwork,—a crucifix which shed a golden

light in a vast halo of golden haze about itself and its lofty bearer.

Hubert, his face uplifted, knelt there transfixed, his wrists bound hard around his knee.— And then as he looked the light of the Cross came gloriously in upon his new-born soul, he lifted up his hands, and cried aloud in a voice that craved all Heaven,—

“I confess Thee, oh, My God!” and fell forward prone upon his face.

And his dogs crouched still by the side of their master.

That night the sun was fast set, and yet Maida still stood in the door-way, her fingers twirling the distaff, her eyes bent anxiously upon the forest border.

“He comes not,” she murmured,—“so late was he never before!” and then she repeated four *Ave Marias* for his safety, in addition to the twenty-four which she said daily for the cleansing of his Pagan heart from all its foul beliefs.

And then, just as she had finished, he appeared afar off, walking slowly, his head hanging deep in thought, his dogs quiet at his heels. There was no game upon his back,—nay, even his bow was gone; in the woods had he broken it thrice and flung it afar. When he came

nearer she saw that he was bare-foot and her eyes opened widely thereat;—his sandals had been unwound and given to the beggar who bound his fagot by the brook's turning. But of all this she might not know, and therefore stood astonished and waited his coming in haste of questioning.

Before he was near enough to speak he raised his hand and made the sign of the Cross, and at that sign an ungovernable joy filled all her heart so that—flinging her distaff to the earth—she fled swift-footed to his side.

"A Christian art thou become, oh Hubert!" she cried in infinite gladness,— "Now, of a verity, are my prayers answered and as a wife may I come to thee at last."

But the hunter's face was turned to the stars above and the look in his eyes was a look which craved no woman's eyes to answer. To her lips was he deaf,—to her hands was he cold,—to her joy was he stone.

"God guard thee, Maida," he said, in the rapt hushed tone of the mystic,— "God guard thee and keep thee for thy prayers have prevailed at last and I am come to Him. There—in the depths of the dark wood—was it given me to See and Know. To-night I am returned

to set my house in order ; in the morn all that I have will I give to the poor. And then shall I take the pilgrim's staff and set my face to the East,—for I go forth to seek the Holy Land and return me never more."



GOLDSMITH

By ADALENA F. DYER

He traveled, minstrel-like, the Continent,
And paid his passage with a merry song—
Merry 'though love of home was deep and strong,
And alien skies above his pathway bent.

His rustic flute to some gay Irish tune
Would move the peasantry to song and dance,
While he, the poet-mendicant, perchance
Grew blythe as if the year were always June.

His native village lightly held his name,
And little dreamed that in the years to come,
The wanderer who was their jest at home,
Would make their little hamlet rich with fame.

Appeals from poverty were not denied,
While purse or fardel had its mite to spare.
He shared till nought remained for him to share,
And Want and Debt stalked grimly at his side.

Like the good prince by magic's evil art
Enclosed in flesh and raiment not his own,
This minstrel wandered to the world unknown,
And sang the sweetest with the saddest heart.

In the old fairy tale by Eastern pen,
'Tis Beauty's kiss that sets the captive free ;
But, gentle soul, the freedom sent to thee
Came by the angel miscalled 'Death' by men.

Recent Publications

LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN.—*The Other Side of the Door*. A well-told mystery tale of police court interest in San Francisco of fifty years ago, with the added charm of some fine description and clever character portrayal. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1909.

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART.—*The Man in Lower Ten*. Not so good a story as *The Circular Staircase*, although marked by the same qualities, *e. g.*, thrilling plot, swift action, clever dialogue and keen character drawing. Illustrated by Christy. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1909.

JACQUES FUTRELLE.—*Elusive Isabel*. A happy title for an absorbing game of big stakes played in the diplomatic circle of Washington. Mr. Grimm is easily the peer of his fellow creations in stories of this kind. Illustrated by Kimball. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1909.

IRVING BACHELLER.—*The Hand-Made Gentleman*. What a fine vein of romance the author of *Eben Holden* taps! Judging from this book, it is inexhaustible. The Boy, the Pearl of Great Price and the Hand-Made Gentleman reveal at times in this quiet tale flashes worthy of Locke and France — and they are masters in this kind of story-telling. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1909.

ROSE O'NEILL.—*The Lady in the White Veil*. Mad, mad as the "Hatter," are all the delightful characters in this bit of "Wonderland" which we sometimes miscall a prosaic world. Altogether one of the most fascinating of mystery stories, whether with intent or as caricature. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1909.

SIDNEY MCCALL.—*Red Horse Hill*. The value of this serious novel of strong human interest lies in its dramatic treatment of a marriage problem that has arisen through secretiveness. It has something of the reserve of the Greek in this. It is inadequate, however, in its treatment of the child-labour problem. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1909.

The Inner Shrine. One wonders after careful reading whether the proclaimed excellence of this much-talked-of novel may not be due to its anonymity. The canvas is

large and well filled in, but there is an amateurishness now and then that precludes many of the names suggested as its author. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1909.

FRANCIS B. GUMMERE.—*The Oldest English Epic*. A translation in the original metres of the *Beowulf*, some Early English songs and the old German *Hildebrand*. Professor Gummere, one of our leading Saxon scholars, has admirably succeeded in preserving in his careful translation the poetic spirit of the old song. The book is furnished with introductions and notes for each selection. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1909.

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